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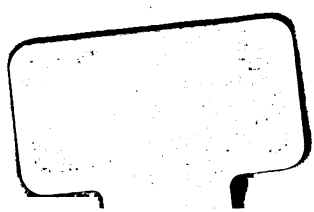

THE CHURCH-BUILDERS;

OR,

DAYS OF YORE AND DAYS THAT ARE.

A Poem, in Two Parts.

BY ERASMUS YORICK, B.A. Oxon.

Oph. What means this, my Lord?
Ham. Marry, this is miching malicho; it means mischief.
* * * * * * * *
King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but jest; no offence i' the world.

Curst be the line, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.—Pope.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., CORNHILL.
1842.

1039.

PREFACE.

FEW, the author imagines, except the insects themselves here transfixed with pins for specimens, will feel disposed to censure his doggerel. But if there be any, themselves of old-fashioned unobtrusive piety, who have scruples about the employment of ridicule against anything however remotely or only apparently connected with religion, to such he respectfully tenders this apology.

Nowhere does there breathe such a spirit of severe majestic piety, nowhere such awful reverence for every thing divine, as in those pages of excellent old Robert South (blessings on his memory!) where his caustic humour flays to the very bone the Tartuffes of his period. His wit irresistibly provokes laughter; but it is scarcely possible not to rise from the perusal of his sermons wiser and better men. The delicate and fearful spirit of Cowper was confessedly the very last in the world to impair, in the slightest degree, the veneration due to religion; yet who has not read, or,

having read, can forget his exquisite satire upon the popular priestling? It was felt by both these unexceptionable authorities, that the smile excited by exposing the affectations of pretenders to religion does not in the least extend to religion itself. It is true that Mrs. Trollope's novel, "The Vicar of Wrexhill," has been severely reprehended by all serious persons, and with justice; for, in her management of that work, she has not been careful to discriminate between the inconsistencies and hypocrisies of individuals and the general character of a class. Her Vicar, a hypocrite of the deepest dye, is made, whether purposely or not, to stand out as the representative of what are popularly called the Evangelical Clergy. There was a time, perhaps, when this epithet had a distinct and intelligible meaning as applied to those ministers of the Gospel who restored to their due prominence the evangelical tenets of free grace and justification by faith. For the most part these were exemplary men, distinguished by "setting forth both in their lives and doctrines the true and lively word." But their original marks of distinction have been long obliterated, since the class has silently and gradually absorbed into itself the entire body of earnest labourers. There remains a smaller party charged with arrogating to themselves the title of evangelical *par excellence*, which they are believed to identify with Calvinism: whether they are

right or wrong in this matter is no business of the author's; but he will do them the justice to say that, if there be such a character as the Vicar of Wrexhill, it is not among them that he is likely to be found: they have been charged with making more pretension to sanctity than their brethren; it may be so, but they do not possess less. Neither was it from this class particularly that the author selected his "précieuses ridicules" of either sex; they were fair game wherever found; and there was nowhere lack of them. Religion, though it be overstrained and fanatical, or even false, is no subject for pleasantry; but we cannot allow arrogant pretenders to religion to shelter their fopperies and inconsistencies under this plea. She "knows them not." They err not on the side of religion, but in defiance of her precepts and her spirit. They must be dragged from her venerable sanctuary; and those that love her best ought most to rejoice when the world is informed how entirely she is acquitted of their absurdities. But why not reprove them in a serious and affectionate spirit? Because it would be a mere casting of pearls before swine. They would exchange glances, sneers, and shrugs, one with another, as who should say—"Poor benighted creature!" Besides, who can "break a butterfly upon a wheel?" They are ridiculous, and there an end.

From some passages, the too hasty reader will be

ready to conclude that the author is a disciple of the Oxford school. That he "esteems them highly in love for their works' sake," is most true: he believes that they have done good service in their generation, and will yet do more; but he desires their company no longer than while they keep the Catholic high road. Generally, he is their admirer, but for disciple—he can only say with "master gentleman Conrade"—"Marry, sir, I am none." However, were he at issue with them upon more points than he is, he would be ashamed to join in the undiscriminating clamour which assails them. Never, surely, did the *profanum vulgus* give tongue upon such a false scent; and never did so many chime in with the senseless cry who ought to have known better! They have deserved, especially at the hands of our ecclesiastical superiors, the warmest acknowledgments for their powerful and fearless advocacy of those ancient church principles which have too long lain hidden and almost forgotten under the slimy deluge of Protestantism: in lieu of thanks they have been pelted with abuse and contumely.* What if, in addition to their invaluable defence of unquestionable Catholic verities, they have advanced one or two speculations respecting tenets certainly very ancient though not strictly Catholic? Let it be shown

* Τοιαῦτ' ἀπήνρω τοῦ φιλανθρώπου τροπου.
Æsch. Prom. Vinct.

where and how they have controverted any single point decided by our own or by the universal church. If they have not done this, it ill becomes the noisy sticklers for private judgment to call upon bishops to silence them; it is unadvisedly done of the bishops so to prostitute their authority. Whatever the church has not formally and verbally condemned is a fair subject of speculation. If our Articles be not stringent enough, draw up new ones *pro re natâ;* but, as they stand, let us not be excommunicated because our writings *seem* to some, *by implication,* to transgress them. And how is it that our Hampdens and Whatelys shall nibble at our sublimest and most ancient formularies, yet escape the censure of the many-headed monster? The reason is plain — because their mystifications smack *only* of Unitarianism; the Oxford school *seems* to savour of Popery. Poor old giant Pope! time-*dis*-honoured Lion of the Vatican! Is it not enough that thou art dying by inches? Must thou also *in extremis* be kicked by asses? Even now we are so horribly afraid lest our old bugbear, Popery, should break in at the window, that we forget there is worse company stealing round by the back door. After all, people might understand, if they would, that, since the Roman church (previous to the Council of Trent) took away nothing from the Catholic faith, whatever we have of holy and true must find its counterpart more or less

distinctly traced in that communion; and that, consequently, nothing can be so calculated to render Popery dangerous as the common folly of blending it with primitive and essential church principles, and so railing at both together.

THE CHURCH-BUILDERS.

PART THE FIRST.

THERE stands—but where it matters not,
And, sooth to say, I have forgot—
Between the Channel and the Tees,
North, South, or midland, as you please;
It may be East, it may be West,—
Look for it as it likes you best:
In England's vales or corn-clad hills,
By picturesque and poisoned rills,
Where Mammon swells on Labour's groans
And sucks the marrow from his bones,
Are many such—so, somewhere stands
A village church 'mid fertile lands;
Environed by a park almost,
But fenced off by a solemn host

Of firs, lest holy sights and sounds
Molest the privacy o' the grounds,
Where, perched aloft, unsheltered stares,
Aping august baronial airs,
A gothic castle of card-paper,
The stronghold of a Cheapside draper.
A round grey tower this church once had,
And still has half—its roof is clad
With thatch—the parish sold the lead
And gave 't that warmer coat instead:
Sparrows, so Scripture is fulfilled,
Find there a house, and swallows build.
A chancel, in the modern style,
The 'Squire restored with brick and tile,
In size and figure of a closet,—
For thus your rich lay-rector does it:
Some fractured tombs and scutcheons not to
Disgrace he fixed them in his grotto;
The founder's sepulchre remains,
Spite of destruction's various pains;
But Reformation broke her nose,
And boys, her alabaster toes.
Once, as in other sacred piles,
Were chapels, clere-story, and aisles;

Roofless long time, the tempest's sport,
Of owls and sketchers the resort,
Till one judicious vestry gave
The stones their parish roads to pave;
Enough remained to serve at least
For ten old women, clerk, and priest.
The font, grotesquely carved in stone,
Yearly re-cast with whitewash shone.
A pewter bowl the office did
Of laver, perched on wooden lid,
By one year's church-rate furnished, proper
For font, swill tub, or kitchen copper.
The rest is like, more words to spare,
Another village house of prayer;*
Its walls in green from damps arrayed;
Its floor scraped yearly with a spade;
Five pews where ale-swelled farmers doze;
Some half-score crazy seats in rows,
With here and there a poppy head
With vile initials overspread:
One pew that towers above the rest—
The 'Squire's—in baize worm-eaten drest;

* Note 1.

Where, twice a year or so, to prayer
Madam resorts, if skies be fair;
When rustics, through the service sitting,
Rise to pay homage where 'tis fitting.*
An altar, clothed in antique style,
Three-legged, but propped upon a tile,
For vestry table mostly used,
By rate-books, ink, and sticks abused.
This church—it bears th' Apostle's name,
St. John—was founded by a dame
Of worship, Alice Botoner,
Heiress and widow, in the year
Of grace, twelve hundred forty-seven;
You say to make her peace with heaven,
As if the blinded Papist thought
Salvation might with works be bought;
The deeds aver she built the whole
For the well-being of her soul;
With tithe of lands withal endowed
The same, and ample glebe bestowed,
All at her proper cost. A modus,†
When Reformation blest bestrode us,

* Note 2. † Note 3.

Came, greedy as the Dragon of Wantley,
And left the living furnished scantly.
Thanks be for what *is* left! beside
She by indenture gave a hide
Of land, to found for grammar knowledge
A scholarship at school and college:
She built almshouses for the weal
Of worn-out servants—(a bastile,
Called union-house, stands on the site,
Where poverty is purged by fright,
Where aged pairs their love renounce
By law, and bread is weighed by th' ounce)—
The daily dole her porter dealt:
Her living thus bestowed, she dwelt
In prayer and fasting on a third on't,
Yet to the Record sent no word on't.
This passed, 'tis true, in those dark ages
Ere ladies searched the holy pages
For newer light, or systems planned,*
Or took down sermons in shorthand,
Or gave their scorn or commendation
To this or that interpretation,

* Note 4.

Or shook their heads with godly sneer
Of church and Dr. Hook to hear.
And yet—with reverence be it said,
Nor bring down scoffing on my head—
Methinks dame Alice Botoner*
Was a good Christian and sincere;
Might not in vain her Bible scan,
While she was rich toward God and man—
Might all her trust in Jesu place,
Yet hope good works might bring her grace;
Seeing she read, or heard at least,
This revelation from her priest—
"Who in good works their lives employ
"Shall go to everlasting joy—
"Who doth my Father's will below
"The same shall of my doctrine know."

* Note 5.

NOTES TO PART THE FIRST.

Note 1.

"*Another village house of prayer.*"

A letter appeared lately in a Nottingham Journal from a traveller, giving an account of the state of a village church in that county. I regret that it is not in my power to transcribe the contents. It was a church remarkably worthy attention from the admirers of ecclesiastical architecture. I remember that, after describing the usual amount of unseemliness, dilapidation, and whitewash, the writer proceeds to state, on the authority of the parish clerk, that within the memory of that aged functionary, the East window was beautifully decorated with ancient stained glass; in proof whereof the visitor was shown an old box under the altar filled with precious and lustrous fragments—No! not filled—for all comers had been allowed to select and to carry off specimens.

In a curacy which I served for a short time, when first in orders, were two churches; in one, the population being very small, duty had been performed on every alternate Sunday only. The churchwarden was a Roman Catholic farmer, who lodged a Popish priest in his house. The church was antient, not large, but in an excellent style of architecture. To be not actually a ruin, it was in the most abominable state of dilapidation imaginable. In the chancel, a magnificent marble monument, reaching almost to the roof and adorned by several statues the size of life, (the whole sculptured in Italy at much cost,) was literally dropping to pieces; cherubs' heads and angels' feet lay among rubbish in every corner. The tiled

roof of the church was so out of repair, and the windows so broken, that the pigeons from a neighbouring dovecot made the interior a place of public resort; the floor, seats, desk, and pulpit, with every "coign of vantage," were defiled with their excrement, like the Bass-rock with that of sea-fowl; and it is a fact that, on entering one winter morning for service, I found the seats and every part of the church one sheet of snow half an inch thick. I was obliged to send the clerk for a broom to sweep it off before the service could commence. The lord of the manor is said to be the richest commoner in England, and the patron a millionaire!

NOTE 2.

"*Rise to pay homage where 'tis fitting.*"

It is a pleasing spectacle, and one which cannot fail to gratify the great ones of a parish, to see the congregation rise, curtsey, and scrape, at their entrance; though they neither dream of changing their posture at the call to prayer and praise, nor of making obeisance at the name at which "every knee should bow of things in heaven, and things in earth, and of things under the earth." But perhaps it savours of Popery to "glorify God in our bodies" by any outward and visible sign: doubtless the Spirit makes amends; but we are sadly afraid of doing too much now-a-days.

NOTE 3.

"*A modus,*
When Reformation blest bestrode us."

One is obnoxious, I am told, to the fearful charge of Puseyism, if one attaches to the Reformation either rhyme or reason short of "Revelation." I can only say that my impressions on the subject date some twenty years back. But perhaps this plea will only serve to prove me "an accessory before the fact." Let me at least be allowed to insinuate that, though the blessings of the Reformation be neither few nor

small, the church has some reason to qualify her praises, much after the manner of Cowper's *Tithe-payer*—

> "Quoth one, a rarer man than you
> In pulpit none shall hear;
> But yet methinks, to tell you true,
> You sell it *plaguy dear*."

By the way, "bestrode us" is not foisted in merely to jingle with "modus," though there is good authority for holding that—

> "One verse for sense and one for rhyme
> Is sure enough at any time."

Here however is reason as well as rhyme. The clergy at least have reason to complain that, when the Reformation cause was gained, they were "*saddled* with the costs."

I have somewhere seen that, by a new legal discovery, no modus can stand but where the benefice was under the patronage (save the mark) of one of the greater abbeys. Probably, by the time the tithes of all livings have been commuted, the law will graciously inform us that our moduses *have been* recoverable; only that, having settled our commutations under threat of compulsion, we have forgone the advantage.—"A statute of limitations" with a witness! I wonder if ever our great landowners' consciences whisper to them—"Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark." When John Knox besought that the revenues of religious houses might be applied to the support of the clergy, the Earl of Murray observed that it was "a devout imagination," and so dropped the subject. We may be thankful if we find so much grace as that came to.

Note 4.

"*For newer light*," * * *

The high and holy office of the church, committed to her for ever by divine authority, was to "hold fast the form of sound words," to guard and to transmit to the latest generation "the faith once (for all) delivered to the saints." It was

the acknowledged duty and the cherished privilege of the people to receive the word at the hands of the church, and to *do* it. Primitive religion, in a word, was historical inquiry and practical employment. "Nous avons changé tout cela." They are now (if not the deepest, yet) the favourite theologians who can find meanings that escaped the antients, and never were transmitted. One would think that Revelation, instead of a treasury, were a mine in which he is the most profitable labourer who has the luck to hit upon a new and hitherto hidden vein.

Note 5.

"*Methinks Dame Alice Botoner*
Was a good Christian and sincere."

Because it does not suit us to abound in good works of a very self-denying character, we shuffle off an awkward comparison with our ancestors who did, by satisfying ourselves that they substituted rich offerings for faith and repentance. There is evidence in sermons and other writings of the Roman Catholic period that this was not generally the case. The fact is that they were not content with a verbal profession of those requisites. They *believed* His word who said—"He that giveth a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, shall not lose his reward." In their *repentance* they observed the prophet's direction—"Break off thy sins by righteousness and thy iniquities by showing mercy unto the poor." Doubtless some might, in their extremity, think to avail themselves of the gifts in their power, without much acquaintance with the corresponding inward graces: the question is whether the same persons, in these times, would have exhibited either one or the other.

It shows no great *ingenuity*, in either sense of the word, to argue that the clergy availed themselves of the people's superstition to persuade them that gifts to the church would alone atone for their sins. Human nature has never substantially varied; and the clergy of that day were much the same as

those of the present—as a body, in advance of their race both in intelligence and virtue. If we are to believe Protestant writers, the church was at the worst in the reigns immediately preceding the Reformation; yet the Paston Letters, among other original documents, prove that the clergy then deservedly enjoyed the respect of the people. We find them forbearing, gentle, and patient when their rights are vexatiously withheld; mediators in quarrels, and active benefactors to society both in things temporal and spiritual.

THE CHURCH-BUILDERS.

PART THE SECOND.

HARD by, in fact within a mile
Of this half-ruined mouldy pile,
Within this twelvemonth rose another
Vastly unlike its elder brother.
Stylish it is, that's past a doubt,
But in what style can none make out:
'Tis not quite Gothic, not quite Grecian,
Nor Roman, Saxon, nor Venetian;
On all it may some little border,
But most on Mr. Nash's order.*
In compliment, good easy people
Talk of its heaven-directed steeple;

* Note 1.

If so it be, its elevation
Is some way from its destination.
Steeples, good sooth, are not the rage
In our utilitarian age;
So, as the funds ran short, it came
To pass, the steeple did the same.
'Tis like a chimney pot of state, or
Most like a brewhouse ventilator.
Th' interior, flashy, spruce, and bright,
Affects no "dim religious light;"
Your shadowy aisles of old might serve
For Popish doctrines of reserve;
Now, we receive no revelation,
Nor worship but on demonstration.
You enter with the crowd.—Stop, sir!
Your hat! This is no theatre!
Yet venial your mistake, for see
Arranged, pit, box, and gallery.
To make the parallel more true,
The preacher is an actor too.
Without, so gaily ornamented,
So glazed, so fluted, so cemented,
It must be owned that one may search
The world, for such a love of a church;—

A nicety! with quite the air
Of standing labelled "glass, with care."
And if not warranted to stand
Until our sons possess the land,
What then?—Ere that we may be Shakers,
Latter-day Saints, Ranters, White Quakers—
What folly else the spirit moves.
With heart ungrudging then behoves
Us give the founder glory due,*
Before it fall—a ruin new.

It was—at least the world so thinks—
The Lady Isabella Jinks;
A scraggy has-been belle, whose rose
Had fled her cheek to tint her nose;
One who eschewed their worldly ways
Who take delight in balls and plays,
Yet had her little compensation
For every carnal deprivation.
Say she transgressed in her "adorning"
The good Apostle's homely warning—

* Note 2.

That gems and lace replaced the merit
Of by-gone "meek and quiet spirit"—
Yet honoured she Paul's way of thinking.
To let none judge her food and drinking:
Was nice—but, if she liked her meat,
She ate—"Ye gods, how she would eat."
When all that two worlds can afford
Met to enrich the sparkling board,
Would argue,* sift, expound, explain,
And make profoundest mysteries plain.
She had her coteries to handle
With pious friends' tit-bits of scandal—
What serious youth has played the fool
With the fair mistress of his school;
On whom was found an Oxford tract;
And who being taken in the fact
With snug cigar; who more unduly
"The language speaks of Canaan truly;"†
Who hunts, who shoots, who plays backgammon,—
Signs of the beast and marks of Mammon;—‡
In Town, with job-horses would rattle
(To keep the law and rest *her* cattle)

* Note 3. † Note 4. ‡ Note 5.

To Islington from the far West
To find the priest that pleased her best;
Cry, "hear!" with edifying zeal,
At Exeter Hall, when Hugh Mac Neile
Confounds the pope and common sense,
And worries Papists with his Dens.

A little town or village stands
By, and within, my lady's lands;
Its older houses, in the ways
Of ancient, may be better, days,
Throng to the shelter of the church;
The newer leave it in the lurch.
The rector, a sexagenarian,
No Calvinist nor Millenarian;
No man to do my lady's work,
But stiff and sturdy as the Turk;
An old-world, steady-paced divine,
Unfit with modish arts to shine;
Wore an unquestionable wig,
Nor cared for peers nor plums a fig;
Took counsel of himself alone,
And loved no whimsies but his own;

Was—worst of all—a moral preacher;
And once a sermon chanced to reach her
Ladyship's ear, in which, among
The rest, he touched upon "the tongue;"
Not "unknown tongues," but that small flame,
Th' unruly evil none can tame:—
James, the Lord's brother, preached the same:
But, let who can explain the reason,
My lady never from that season
Entered her pew; she could not profit
Thereby,—belike had gifts above it.
With hers were emptied half the pews;
For, when the parish heard the news,
All who indulged an itching ear,
Of duty only slow to hear,—
Whose conscience then to wake began,* or
Taught them the lady of the manor
To please, at such a trifling cost
As schism,—all these the rector lost:
My lady led them to a chapel,
Where wont a brawny smith to grapple
With knotty texts, and ghostly foes
To tweak, like Dunstan, by the nose.

* Note 6.

But then church-building came in fashion,
And a new church was her new passion.
She had found too "a nice young man,"
The very parson for her plan;
Whose parted curls, dark, up-turned eyes,
Extempore rants,* and studied sighs,
His drawling spiritual phrases,
Gentle attentions, grace, and graces,
So wrought upon the tender mood
Of the note-taking sisterhood;
Raised such a sweet ambiguous fire
'Twixt human and divine desire,
Those who had worst names for the Pope
Pinned to his sleeve their faith and hope;
Prayed him to bottle out his tears
Among them;—sympathetic dears!†
And worked laced night-caps that might show well
Round the black whiskers of "dear Nowell."
His thoughts, good youth, were rapt above
Entanglements of earthly love;
His aim, to pass this weary life
With a fat living or rich wife.‡

* Note 7. † Note 8. ‡ Note 9.

The man's effusions were tautologous,
'Tis true; but is not faith homologous?
Scott's Force of Truth and Commentary,
With Brown's Concordance, served to vary
And sum his studies theological.
As for Iguatius, or what-d'ye-call
Him?—Cyprian: he professed to deem
As light of them—as they of him.
The church he thought not worth a care;—
'Twas everything and everywhere;
'Twas "something—nothing"*—save his own
(Whose faith must follow him alone)
All men in every congregation
Might choose their own interpretation:
Canons, tradition, church, and creeds,
Went out of date with cross and beads.
Such gifted pastor if our dame
"Marked for her own"—was she to blame?
One that men's souls so dearly loved,
And preached—whatever she approved.
Still, to conclude her new-born freak,
A church and pulpit were to seek:

* Note 10.

And thus she wrought:—

A barren acre,
For site, much poorer could not make her;
This first in legal form conveyed,
The building funds must be purveyed:
She wrote, she rode, each genteel notion
Of mendicancy put in motion;
She painted screens; opened bazaars
For pin-cushions and such small wares;
Where girls, whose friends would take it ill
To see them paired in a quadrille,
Served at the counter with a grace,
That proved them fitted for the place,
Cajoling ensigns to buy garters,*
Catching some gulls, and sometimes Tartars.
Charmingly reckless of intrusion,†
On all she levied contribution;
Trusted the clergy would be willing
For penny stamp to pay their shilling;
The Bishop of the diocese,
Two church-building societies,

* Note 11. † Note 12.

Peers, footmen, paupers, paid their scot,
Nor was Queen Adelaide forgot.
The new church built, her priest installed,
The old church thinned, the rector galled,*
Cost Lady Jinks her daily rounds,
The Bishop's lunch, and—twenty pounds.†

* Note 13. † Note 14.

NOTES TO PART THE SECOND.

Note 1.

"*But most on Mr. Nash's order.*"

"It is not generally known," that a gentleman, whose architectural preconceptions were a little disarranged by the ecclesiastical edifice with which it pleased Mr. Nash to embellish Langham place, inquired of the head-workman then employed on the building, "what order he called it?" The man's reply was—"Don't know exactly, sir, but believes it was Mr. Nash's *order*."

Note 2.

"*With heart ungrudging then behoves*
Us give the founder glory due."

Χρή νιν εὐρόντεσσιν ἀγάνορα κόμπον
Μὴ φθονερᾶισι φέρειν γνώμαις.—*Pindar, Isthm.*

Note 3.

"*When all that two worlds can afford*
Met to enrich the sparkling board,
Would argue," *etc.*

Discite, non inter lances mentasq, nitentes,
Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, atq;
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat.—*Hor.*

This rule is fully as applicable surely to religious as to philosophical inquiries.

There is something extremely repulsive to a serious thoughtful Christian, in hearing the holiest names and most awful

mysteries of his faith bandied backwards and forwards across the splendid dessert-table, after a luxurious repast, and between the pauses of conventional slip-slop: not that there is any harm in these little comforts; but there is a time for all things.

Also if any reader has had the fortune to be hemmed in on a sofa between a pair of virtuous Aspasias, while matters which have tasked the painful study of our deepest divines were decided on the one side by a dogmatical nodding of aigrettes and artificial flowers, and confirmed on the other by an equally peremptory bobbing of lace-lappets, I can only say—he has a very pretty notion of what is meant by being "stung to death by pismires."

NOTE 4.

"*The language speaks of Canaan truly.*"

See rare Ben Jonson's Alchemist.

Ananias. I do not like the man—he is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan truly.

NOTE 5.

"*Who hunts, who shoots, who plays backgammon,*
Signs of the beast and marks of Mammon."

I am no advocate of sporting parsons or grey-coated squires; but I must remark that, oddly enough, persons of Lady Jinks' class seldom visit with reprobation such doings in those of the clergy who can pronounce the Shibboleth. *They* may indulge in hunting and shooting without losing caste—"I have seen them do't." There is something more in this—

"Than is dreamt of in your philosophy."

NOTE 6.

"*Whose conscience then to wake began.*"

"Whenever you hear any of these sly, sanctified sycophants, with *turned-up eye and shrug of shoulder*, pleading *conscience*

for or *against* any thing or practice, you should forthwith ask them, *what word of God they have to bottom that judgment of their conscience upon.* Forasmuch as *conscience*, being *God's vicegerent*, was never commissioned by Him to govern us in its own name; but must still have some divine *word* or *law* to support and warrant it; and therefore to call for such a *word*, and that, either from *Scripture*, or from *manifest universal reason*, and insist upon it, so as not to be put off without it. And if they can produce you no such thing from either of them (as they never can), then rest assured, that they are arrant *cheats* and *hypocrites;* and that for all their big words, the conscience of such men is so far from being able to give them any true *confidence towards God*, that it cannot so much as give them confidence towards a wise and good man; no, nor yet towards themselves, who are far from being either."—*South, on the text* 1 *John* iii. 21: "*If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God.*"

Note 7.

"*Extempore rants,*" * * *

When I have trembled for one of these gentlemen lest he should throw himself over the pulpit for no great matter, I have wished him to recollect the sensible advice of Longinus—

Κᾳ'ν βακχεύμασι νήφειν ἀναγκαῖον.

Note 8.

"*Prayed him to bottle out his tears*
Among them;—sympathetic dears!"

A lady who, as the phrase goes, *sat under* one of these *nice young men*, actually exclaimed in a paroxysm (*qu.* of devotion?) "O that I had a bottle of Mr. ——'s tears!" What frantic anthropolatry! The night-cap story is a fact also.

Note 9.

"*With a fat living or rich wife.*"

There is no accounting for it, but ill-provided clergymen of this description always *do* marry rich wives. I have been told that the dowagers of their flocks make it their business to bring it about. "Haud equidem invideo, miror magis."

Note 10.

"'*Twas something—nothing,*" * * *

Popular preachers of this stamp are accustomed to boast that they meet with no opposition from dissenters in their parishes: I should wonder if they did. They are doing the work of dissent as true yoke-fellows.

After some pains bestowed upon the writings of those who prefer the Protestant to the Catholic views of the church, including those of Doctors Shuttleworth and Hawkins, I believe the above lines contain the most satisfactory and clearest account of their opinions we are likely to get.

As for the predilection of the "dear Nowells" of this world for sectarian views of the church, and their vehement prejudices against Catholic sentiments, they may easily be traced to the consciousness that the former system tends to make an idol of *the man*, the latter, to elevate and to surround with veneration *the order*.

South, somewhere speaking of the low churchmen of his day, observes, in his quaint way, that "they assume that title, not, we may be sure, for any low condition which they affect in the church, (for they lie not so low but that they can look as high as other people); but to signify the low estate to which they would willingly reduce the church herself."

Note 11.

"*Cajoling ensigns to buy garters.*"

"'There'—said a young lady of rank to one of her acquaintance, pointing to a young mustachioed lancer, who had just turned from the booth—'there! I have just made him pay me fifteen shillings for a pair of garters.' How should you like to see a daughter of yours acting charity in that style?" —*Note to Southey's Colloquies*, vol. ii. p. 307.

Note 12.

"*Charmingly reckless of intrusion.*"

Charming, indeed! It reminds one of the French singing-master's apostrophe to his pupil,—"I do wish, Miss, I had your *assurance.*"

Ex. gr. A very young lady, not, it may be believed, yet arrived at years of discretion, lately *intruded* herself into the apartment, at —— barracks, of an officer, not much older but of more *discretion*, (with whom she was scarcely on terms of bowing acquaintance), to solicit subscription for some Bible or missionary purposes; the gallant militaire suddenly bestowed a kiss on each cheek and politely dismissed her, observing that *she had received his subscription.*

Note 13.

* * * "*The rector galled.*"

And no wonder, if "dear Nowell" were "a deacon of his craft," whose mystery depends in no small degree upon poaching on a neighbour's manor. If you wish to maintain your popularity, and to keep your *paid* sittings filled, make no scruple of ingratiating yourself with every chance auditor from a neighbouring parish; seduce, if you can, those who have not come to hear you; and carefully include them in your

round of visits, though that quantum of time and attention be lost to the *sick poor* of your own province. *Probatum est.*

Note 14.

" *Cost Lady Jinks her daily rounds,*
The Bishop's lunch, and—twenty pounds."

Though there are church-builders enough of this economical style to justify the contrast here illustrated between " the days of yore and days that are," I should be sorry to lay down my pen without my tribute of praise to those many Catholic hearts to whose noble munificence the church and the country are every day so largely indebted. What is far better, they will have praise of Him who dictated the injunction—" If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little."

COLLOQUIUM APPENDICULARE.

It just now occurs to me that somewhere in the foregoing pages, I have committed petty treason against Protestantism.—Bless me! What a Babel of tongues! What a hubbub! What scowling faces! "Will you—will you throw stones?"* And after all, good people, among all the "isms" in this most ismatical age, what *is* Protestantism? All dumb? "Brother Joseph, will you explain?—Sir Peter, will it please you to elucidate?"

Sir Peter, (*loquitur*). A Protestant, Sir, is—a—a Protestant.

Yorick, (*respondit*). Right!

Sir Peter. One who protests,—

Yorick. True!

Sir Peter. Against the idolatries, sir, and the woman-worship, and—and, sir, the usurpation of the church of Rome.

* See *Ignoramus*.

Yorick. Good! Then the Greek church I presume is Protestant.

Sir Peter. No, sir, it is not.

Yorick. Cry you mercy! I thought they protested too. To be a Protestant, then, it is not enough that one protest against Rome. What more may be necessary? Dumb again? Whom do you call Protestants?

Sir Peter. Lutherans, Zuinglians, Calvinists, Moravians, Baptists, Independents, Methodists, Ranters, Unitarians, Socialists, Swedenborgians, Muggletonians, Hutchinsonians, Huntingdonians, Southcotians, Irvingites, Quakers, Shakers, Jumpers, Dunkers —

Yorick. Hold! hold! hold!—Stop! stop! stop! stop! The man has found his tongue at last, of a verity. What a bead-roll! But, seriously, my excellent friend, am I expected to associate and identify myself with all these very cacophonous appellations? I will now give you my opinion. The term "Protestant," as to any good or useful meaning, is insignificant and worthless; it is cherished, with reason, by those who, well aware that "names are things," see in it a band that ties down the church in England in incongrous fellowship with the thousand and one sects whom you began just now to recapitulate with so much unction; they value it for the reflected credit which the sects derive from that quasi fellowship; they know also that the unblest alliance has been for ages eating into the church herself; "the iron has entered into

her soul;" it has accustomed her children to wander from the sanctuary of their fathers to the tents of the Moabites, and "to eat of such things as please them." Yes, that word Protestant alone has acted as a spell—a philtre—besotting them to love and pride themselves upon things, which, as members of the Holy Catholic church, they should abhor and abjure. Every one knows that the name in its origin had no connection with the English Reformation. Nobody knows when or how it was first adopted by or applied to us. In relation to the Anglican church, it wants confessedly every quality that gives value to an appellation; it is neither descriptive, nor distinctive, nor even affirmative. One might as philosophically define a horse to be a non-cooking animal.

Sir Peter. Agreed! But as we have the name we may as well rest content with it. After all, like "Captain," it is "a good travelling name."

Yorick. Quite the contrary. The title of "Captain" conferred distinction and enforced respect on the road: "Protestant" "brings us acquainted with strange bedfellows," whose contact diminishes our respectability, and may very likely impart something unpleasant in exchange.

Sir Peter. What name would you assume, then, if this be so unpalatable?

Yorick. I would assume none; I would only vindicate my right to the holy and venerable name of

Catholic, or, for the sake of geographical distinction, Anglo-Catholic, a name as long though not as vulgarly in use as Protestant.

Sir Peter. Catholic! why the Papists have quite appropriated that term. Would you hold a title in common with idolaters—with Antichrist?

Yorick. My worthy friend, not a word about Antichrist; or we shall have you floundering out of your depth like many as worthy men before you. Perhaps you may find his footsteps nearer to your own door than you calculate upon;—"even now there be many Antichrists." But let me ask you a question in my turn. Because Anacharsis Clootz and Colonel Chartres went by the name of "Man," would you willingly be called "Bear," "Ape," or "Jack-ass?" The church of Rome has less right than our own to the style of "Catholic:" in both the right is hereditary; but she has seriously compromised hers by uncatholic principles and practises. If we notwithstanding acquiesce in the nick-name of "Protestant," and resign to Romanists our rightful title of "Catholic," depend upon it they will continue to wield it, as they have long done, to our no small prejudice. Observe, for instance, what goes on in populous places where Reformation Societies or Protestant Associations rear themselves to the attitude rampant. The town-hall is engaged; filled with benches and chairs; at one end a green baize enormity called the plat-form is crowded

with biblicals, all in black, with long ends of neckcloth hanging before them; some of an austere countenance, others unaccountably facetious. All is ready, but no opponent appears; the Popish priests, like Fairfax, "have more wit than to be there." There, however, is the chairman, generally a massy chowder-headed baronet, "whose talk is of bullocks;" he is not much skilled in the controversy; to say the truth, he troubles himself very little about the matter; but he has some obscure notion that the priests are people who burn all heretics within their reach, and accordingly is disposed to congratulate himself upon their absence. The speeches commence. The Rev. the Vicar of Bally-Whackit (who has overcome impossibilities to be present*) is followed by the Rev. the Minister of some Sion or Ebenezer chapel. One with another they do not leave the priests an inch of ground to stand upon—not a Babylonish rag to cover their nakedness withal. Resolutions are carried with wonderful unanimity; and the respectable assemblage disperses with about as much insight into the real questions at issue as they might have got from looking over the prints in Fox's Martyrs. Here and there perhaps are some whose curiosity is awakened to hear what the priests *can possibly* say for themselves. Now comes the priest's turn. Lectures are advertised to

* Including the care of his own parish.

be preached in the *Catholic* chapel: our curious Protestants attend among the rest: aided by the charms of music, incense, and splendour, a feeling of seductive luxurious solemnity sinks through the senses to the heart: thus they are prepared for the lecture. Gently removing one by one the brick-bats of abuse that seemed to have extinguished and buried his faith for ever, cautiously veiling whatever might sit uneasily upon an heretical stomach, the preacher proceeds to stultify all the foregone *withering* and *crushing* speeches (in newspaper phrase) by simply demanding for himself the same right of interpreting Scripture that the biblicals contend for. Then, building upon undeniable premises, he shows that salvation is covenanted to the one Apostolical church, that is, the "Catholic;" but the church of Rome is "Catholic," ergo, salvation is covenanted to the church of Rome. The geese, always accustomed to consider themselves Protestants, and the Romanists Catholics, fall into the net: thus each successive Protestant Association sends recruits to Rome in search of Catholicity from the most Catholic church in the world—"*sua si bona nôrint.*" Said I not "names are things?"

Sir Peter. But the state—the government acts, use and sanction the term Protestant.

Yorick. Let the state mind its own business. In things spiritual let it receive instruction from its spiritual mother, the church. Let it duly honour her,

"*that it may be well with it and that its days may be long in the land.*" But I warn it that, as its duty has of late been scantily observed, so there are abroad significant indications enough that *the promise may fail likewise.** Meanwhile we may name ourselves, I suppose, as we please: they will hardly banish "Catholic" by Act of Parliament, or thrust "Protestant" down our throats at the point of the bayonet. But this is not a mere question of names, as none better know than the opponents of antient church principles. Whatever the Anglican church has of true, venerable, holy, and divine, *that* is Apostolic and Catholic. She has

* Dr. Lushington's decision in Mr. Escott's case, confirmed with impertinent remarks by Lord Brougham, is a specimen of secular interference in the peculiar province of the church, which, however it might be winked at during the hazy night of Protestantism now passing away, will not be endured under the fast-dawning light of Catholicity. It is insufferable that a technical narrow-minded lawyer should determine who are entitled to the offices of Christ's ministry.

The decision was altogether wrong. In the Romish church baptism (in case of emergency) by a layman was held valid, the person officiating being tacitly delegated by the church. A sectarian is *ipso facto* excommunicated; the church therefore does not recognize his act. Those only in communion with the church have a right to church privileges. "*Let the dead bury their dead.*"

always possessed it. She is not indebted for it to German reformers. Whatever of baser mixture has crept in through familiarity with sectarians, *that* you may term, if you will, Protestantism.

Protestantism, as I understand it, is the concentrated essence of all the licentiousness, fickleness, self-conceit, self-seeking, impatience of control, and irreverence, that crippled the Reformation; that have, from that time, been gathering, like ocean-waves, form and strength as they rolled forward; have broken down the hedges, and laid waste the vineyard which the Lord planted. You yourself stand up for "the Bible and nothing but the Bible," therefore, as I see nothing there about Protestantism, at least nothing very creditable to it, under favour, "I'll none on't."

THE END.

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